

My Heart is there, It's in Your Hands by NeroAnne

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abuse, Billy and Jonathan have scumbag daddies, Billy has a rage, I don't HATE Billy, Jonathan also has rage but he's got a hold, Jonathan and Billy talk, M/M, but FUCK his tragic ass is so easy to write, i don't know honestly, implied and established Stonathan, obviously, okay maybe a little bit, really this is just me trying to not write Billy as a total asshole, this is Billy's POV

Language: English

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Summary:

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What?

Billy stared, his posture faltering as Jonathan walked closer. "Are you serious?" he asked, bemused as Jonathan peered at his ruined face, "You hate me, Byers, what are you-"

"I don't hate you," Jonathan muttered, shoving his hands into the pockets of his worn jeans, "You're an asshole and I definitely don't like you but..." he shrugged, "I don't hate you."

"I massacred your boyfriend's face," Billy reminded him, "Shouldn't you hate me?"

"Maybe," Jonathan nodded, "but hatred is a very," his eyes lowered, "very strong and very tiring emotion to have for someone. There's only one person I have hatred for in my heart," he smiled with no joy, "and he takes all of it out of me."

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Author's Note:

I wanted to write this just because I needed to let out some pent-up anger. I'm pissed and this really helped. I can assure you that there is no long-term Jilly (idk what the name for Billy/Jonathan is but I just made that up so yeah), and this is mostly unrequited love from Billy's P.O.V.

There was already someone at the quarry once he got there.

He glared out at the huddled figure from behind his windshield with his one good eye, his fingers tightly clenched around his steering wheel. He knew that the other person had heard the car coming, what with his tires dragging hell and his music blaring, but they didn't even move from their spot.

A mistake.

Billy Hargrove was *not* feeling up to sharing his spot.

He pushed open his door aggressively, swinging his legs out of the Camaro. He stumbled a bit and bit back a curse, shaking his head to get rid of the slight fuzziness. The blow to his temple still fucking hurt, even though it had been well over two hours ago...

Billy squared his shoulders and adjusted the lapels of his denim jacket, moving towards the lone person gazing out at the dark water. He opened his mouth to yell and then promptly bit his tongue when the person turned their head.

Of course. That piece of shit Ford that was parked a few feet away but that he'd dismissed as junk or maybe just didn't see because his fucking head was still wonky.

Brown eyes blinked lazily at him, no fear whatsoever in that calm and steady gaze. Billy trailed his eyes over the pale face, his focus coming to rest on the busted lower lip and the bit of blood coating a

bruised jaw. He saw the way Byers had one arm loosely wrapped around his middle and he wondered if he was more hurt than he appeared.

"Someone ruined your pretty face, Byers," Billy smirked, "Shame it wasn't me."

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"He the one that busted your mouth?" Billy tilted his head, "You cheating on Harrington?" The idea was intriguing. Harrington would be destroyed at the thought of the boy he adored, the one he *loved*, sleeping around on him.

They were fucking disgusting in public. It was a wonder no one had taken a gun to either or both yet. The way they held hands in the hallways, not giving a single shit about the whispers and stares, the way Harrington always lay with his head on Byers' lap during lunch, with the smaller boy stroking the thick brown hair strewn across his thigh.

How Byers often brought homemade cookies for Harrington to snack on during school, how he more often than not came to school dressed in Harrington's letterman jacket, how Billy had stumbled across them on his way to the bathroom and saw the way Harrington pinned Byers to a locker, furiously kissing his pouty mouth and how he had heard Byers' soft little sounds of pleasure.

Disgusting. So the idea that Byers would be two-timing the tall fucker...it was rather exciting and pretty-

"Never," Jonathan said, voice tight and eyes narrowing at Billy, "It wasn't another boy." He didn't elaborate and instead turned the tables, "Did your dad do that to you?"

Fuck it all.

Those rumors never really went away, did they? Ever since stupid ass Austin Earl had driven by his yard and seen his father shove him into the door, Billy had been hearing nothing but talk about how he was being bullied by his own dad.

The only reason he wasn't a damn pariah like Harrington was, was because he went around beating the absolute dirt out of anyone who so much as looked at him funny. It wasn't too bad. He was still feared, still respected to a degree. The whispers didn't stop, but as long as no one started any shit, everything was fine.

Billy snorted, running his thumb over the swelling underneath his eye, "None of your business." He glanced around at the dark little area, staring over at the water, "What are you even doing out here? Past your bedtime, isn't it? You need your beauty sleep."

Jonathan sighed wearily, "Do you ever get tired of being a prick, Hargrove?" he removed his hands from his pockets, pulling something out.

Billy stared at it, rather surprised to see the blunt and lighter. "Well, seems you're not so innocent," he watched Jonathan light up the white stick, staring at the bruised lips as they parted.

Jonathan took a deep inhale, the action causing him to wince a bit,

his arm returning to wrap around his ribs, turning away from Billy and moving to sit back down, facing the water. He pulled the blunt away, blowing smoke into the air. "Innocent?" he laughed quietly, "So fucking far from it, Hargrove."

Oh well. What the fuck.

Billy snorted and moved closer. He sat down beside Jonathan and snagged the blunt from those lips. He pulled it into his own mouth, ignoring Jonathan's exasperated look. He inhaled hard, his eyes closing as the weed filled his lungs. "Does Hargrove know you smoke?"

"Of course he does," Jonathan muttered, "I don't do it often. Just when I'm stressed," he sighed, "and sore, I guess. It takes the edge off." He was rubbing at his right side, and without even looking, Billy could just tell that his ribs were aching.

What kind of weird situation had he stumbled in on? All he wanted was to come out and be alone after being in another row with his dad. And now here he was, smoking pot with Jonathan Byers. Steve *fucking* Harrington's bitch.

"Mm," Billy took another pull from the blunt and then handed it back, leaning back on his palms as he stared at the lake and let the smoke escape his throat. "What's he going to say when he sees your busted face?"

He was feeling more mellowed out from the weed. It seemed to have the same effect on Jonathan, whose guard was down and seemingly relaxed enough to keep up conversation.

"It's not so bad," Jonathan said quietly, "It's usually so much worse but I used some of my own rage this time," he smirked, "I didn't like his words tonight and I gave him a better fight than usual. Left his eye looking worse than yours looks."

Billy cracked a grin, accepting the blunt as Jonathan readily handed it over, "I've heard from Tommy that you've got some fight in you. Fucked Harrington up once, didn't you?"

"He got me a few times too," Jonathan replied, smiling softly, "He said a lot of shit about my family. He used to be a real...a real asshole," he turned to look at Billy, "Kind of like you."

Only you're way worse. it was unspoken but very obvious in the air.

Billy snorted, "Wouldn't believe it," he said, "Not with how he dotes on you."

"He says the fight humbled him," Jonathan grinned, "and maybe he kind of likes me."

"Are you kidding me?" Billy muttered, staring at the blunt in his fingertips, "Harrington is fucking in love with you. A damn blind man could see it." As he took another inhale and handed the blunt back, he could see a streak of red cross the blondes razor cheekbones, "What? He's never told you that he loves you?"

"Not yet," Jonathan whispered, "I've told him...but I think he's still a little bit afraid. Maybe he thinks that once he says it that it'll all be too real." He closed his eyes, pulling another inhale and holding it for a little longer. When he finally released the smoke, he spoke again, "I think he's afraid of getting into another commitment."

Right. Nancy Wheeler ending things out of nowhere and hooking up with Logan Tarrant soon after.

"What Wheeler did shouldn't bother him any if he's always been bent," Billy grunted.

"She's the only girl he's ever loved," Jonathan murmured, "Truly loved, I mean. He's fucked his fair share of girls but Nancy is...she's incredible."

"Didn't you fuck her too? Was she any good?"

Jonathan pulled a face, "No, man. I never fucked her, that'd have been like fucking my sister." He sighed, "Besides, I was interested in Steve even back then, when he was hers."

Damn, that's a long time to pine.

“Must have gutted you to see him with her, then.”

“It did, yeah,” Jonathan murmured, “but, he’s mine for now...for as long as he wants to keep me.”

Billy snickered, stealing the blunt again and finishing it off, “Get comfortable,” he said bitterly, “something tells me you’ll find yourself at the damn alter with him.” He flicked the remnant of the stick into the water.

Jonathan’s soft chuckle filled his head and Billy turned his head, staring at the soft smile that graced that mouth. He was such a beautiful boy, Billy was reminded. He had the softest expressions, always so sincere and yet so damn secretive. He could never tell what Byers was thinking.

Messing with Harrington was easy.

He’d purposefully knock shoulders with the taller boy in the halls, smirking as Harrington threw a curse his way. He was easy to rile up.

Why don’t you fucking watch where you’re going, Hargrove?!

Go fuck your bitch, Harrington.

Harrington would bristle and square up and Byers would be right beside Harrington, murmuring soothingly to him, distracting Harrington with gentle touches and small smiles. Byers would lead him away, Harrington would always glance back, shooting him an evil look, and Billy would just watch them walk away.

It wasn’t so easy to rile Byers.

The damn boy was too stoic half the time. He had smiles for Wheeler, the little bastard kids, his family and obviously Harrington, but no one else. Byers was calm, collected. Billy had tried, he’d shouted names at the boy, tripped him in the hallways.

Byers would stumble, tense, but then simply stare at him. A sort of frustration edging into his eyes but never lit up. He would merely turn away, content to simply ignore him. Billy hated him for it.

“Doesn’t it piss you off?” he asked nonchalantly. He saw Jonathan’s eyes squint at him. “Getting the shit kicked out of you by whoever it was? Don’t you want to rage out? Hurt everyone in sight?”

Jonathan frowned, his mouth opening but unable to speak. He shut his mouth, reaching up to brush his bangs away as the wind blew them about.

“Don’t you want to maim?” Billy continued, his own ire waking, “Fuck everyone up? Maybe go after someone you know is weaker?” he smirked sinisterly, “Someone who you know won’t be able to defend themselves?”

Jonathan’s face twisted into a look of disgust and he glared at him.

Oh, was this it? Was he getting under Byers skin at last?

“Maybe Harrington?” Billy wheedled, enjoying the anger lighting those beautiful eyes, “You’ve kicked his ass once. Why don’t you do it again? I promise you it’ll be a better high than pot.” He snickered, “or maybe you can smack your baby brother around-”

The backhand to the cheek happened so fast that Billy didn’t even register it until he was sprawled out on his back, staring up into Jonathan’s angry brown eyes in complete consternation. Well, holy shit.

“See, that’s what makes us different,” Jonathan breathed, pinning Billy down onto the cold grass, “I have a father who used to beat the hell out of me, and still does on occasion whenever he comes to visit, but I don’t take it out on anyone. I don’t *abuse* my younger sibling, or try and act like I’m tough shit just to hide the fact that I’m a scared little boy.”

The words stung and Billy snarled, hiking his knee up and catching Jonathan hard in the side. He twisted underneath the smaller boy and grasped his arms, flipping their positions and slamming Jonathan hard against the grass. The soft sound of pain that Jonathan huffed out echoed around them and he glared down into Jonathan’s pained face.

“Don’t fucking act like you know me,” Billy growled, his fingers digging into Jonathan’s arms, “I’m *not* Harrington, Byers. I will fucking hurt you.” Oh, and it would be wonderful to bloody up all that pale skin.

To see the pain in those big brown eyes, to hear the whimpers fall from that fucking cock-made mouth, to see the look on Harrington’s face when he saw his bloodied up boy, completely taken apart by the one hated the absolute most.

Jonathan stared up at him, breathing hard, “I know that,” he said quietly, “but you know that I can take abuse the same way you can,” he smiled grimly, “*and I can give it right back.*” He shook his head, his blonde hair streaking through the grass, “You think I don’t know what it’s like to be terrified of the man who was supposed to be there for you? Who was supposed to guide you? *Love* you unconditionally?

“You have rage, Billy,” Jonathan whispered, “I know it because I have it too. I control mine but you...you let yours control you.”

“Shut up,” Billy hissed, his hands fisting the soft jacket Byers was wearing. He glared down into that open expression. This was the most emotion the boy had ever aimed his way. Fucking Harrington got more. So much more.

“You don’t have a fucking clue,” Billy sneered, “You think you’ve got it all figured out? I’m pissed *all the fucking time*. You don’t get to be. You have someone...you have people that care,” he swallowed hard, “You...you fucking beautiful bitch. You have no clue.”

Jonathan smiled wanly up at him. He fucking smiled. At *him*.

“I do, Billy.”

Billy growled and lowered his face, lapping away the smeared blood on Jonathan’s chin. He heard Jonathan gasp and he moved fast, pressing his mouth hard against those bruised lips. Fuck, even broken that damn mouth was so soft...so fucking sweet.

Jonathan didn’t kiss back.

Of course.

He struggled under Billy's weight, grunting and shoving his palms into the muscled shoulders above him. He pushed hard and Billy moved back, panting hard into Jonathan's face. The younger boy stared up at him, eyes stunned and lips frowning.

Of fucking course. Why the hell *would* he kiss back? Why would he want to? He had the perfect fucking ten Steve goddamn Harrington giving it to him every other night, why on Earth would he want anything-anyone-else?

That evil rage lit up inside of his heart and Billy grabbed a hold of Jonathan's lapels. He pulled them open, shoving his hands underneath of the hem of the dark blue shirt Jonathan wore beneath the jacket.

Jonathan inhaled quickly, Billy's cold fingers circling around his navel, "B-Billy," he whispered, voice ruined, "P-please don't." he swallowed hard. Fuck, he begged so beautifully.

Was this what Harrington saw? Every time he was above the younger boy, fucking into him, claiming him. Did he see him this way? Eyes wide and scared, teary, voice wrecked and skin so pale and soft-looking?

No. No way.

Harrington probably got to see Jonathan in pleasure, his beautiful face bright with love, his gorgeous mouth parted as breathy little sounds left that long throat...the soft and tender look in those eyes...

His fingers crept up, seeking out Jonathan's nipples but Billy found his fingers stalling, freezing. He kept them at Jonathan's sternum, staring down into Jonathan's helpless expression. It seemed so familiar...his helplessness. His resigned, lost face...

It was the same face he saw in his reflection every damn day.

He...he couldn't.

Billy winced, his head dropping. His fingers settled on Jonathan's hips, squeezing. He dropped his head onto Jonathan's collarbone, feeling tears of frustration leak out of his eyes. He grit his teeth at the

first feel of those long fingers in his hair.

“Shh,” Jonathan whispered and Billy jerked, “It’s okay. I know.”

How the fuck was it okay? How was anything okay? He was falling apart in Jonathan’s arms and the younger boy was helping him through it. Fuck, didn’t he get it? Didn’t he realize that he wasn’t helping?

Didn’t he fucking know that he was only ruining it all that much more?

Jonathan wasn’t his. Would never be. He didn’t even realize how bad he was wanted. Didn’t know how fucking often Billy wished he were in Harrington’s shoes. Had no fucking clue how many times the thought of him and his mouth got Billy off, his spunk shooting thickly into his hand as he jerked himself off most nights.

He didn’t fucking know and he didn’t fucking understand.

Billy bit back his sobs of frustration but some of them did slip out. Through it all, Jonathan’s long fingers, warm and gentle, glided along his hair. Petting his curls, gently kneading at his skull, applying soothing pressure.

He cried until he was spent. It must have been a solid three minutes of him just crying into Jonathan’s neck.

It left him feeling worse.

He felt vulnerable. And he knew that he had to try now...now while he was open and not so angry.

“You could be mine,” Billy whispered, his lips trailing over Jonathan’s soft throat. He listened to Jonathan’s calm breathing below him, “I would...you would be mine. I feel...there is no anger,” he confessed, “I...I’m fine here. I don’t want to hurt you. I don’t need to hurt you I just *need* you.”

Jonathan didn’t say a damn thing. His fingers rubbed at the nape of his neck and Billy’s eyes closed, nuzzling into the soft skin, sighing softly.

They lay in silence, Billy feeling more peace than he'd had in a damn long time. But...

"You won't leave him," he muttered. He pulled back, staring down at Jonathan. He saw the way those eyes gazed sadly back up at him and he turned his face away.

"I won't," Jonathan confirmed and fuck, that really stung.

Billy made to pull off of the smaller boy and he grunted in surprise when arms wrapped around his neck, tugging him down into a tight embrace. Those arms around him felt so right. So natural.

Fucking hell, was Byers meant to be his?

Did God hate him so fucking much? To put the only person who could possibly quell his rage completely out of his reach?

"You'll find that person one day, Billy."

He winced, listening to the soft whisper in his ear. He felt those soft lips part with the next words.

"It can't be me."

His heart was fucking aching.

"It will **never** be me, but I know that you'll find them one day. Like I found mine."

The arms slipped away and when hands pushed at him, Billy sat up. He stepped away, remaining on the grass as Jonathan stood up. He glanced up, watching as Jonathan stared down at him, face completely void all over again.

"Goodnight, Hargrove," Jonathan said and he turned away, his steps quiet as he made his way to his car.

Billy watched, seeing him enter the vehicle and turned away as it started up. He stared at the lake, the wheels in his mind turning.

Fuck it all.

Every damn thing.

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The knocking at the door caused him to groan.

Billy tossed away his dumbbells and grabbed his towel. He patted his sweating face and walked to the door. He jerked it open, ready to snap, and paused at the sight of his step-sister and her frequent chauffeur.

"Hargrove," Harrington said tightly, sparing Max a soft smile when she hugged him. "Goodnight, Red. I'll pick you up same time tomorrow, party's at the Wheeler's, got it?" He squeezed her briefly.

Max grinned brightly at him and Billy rolled his eyes, standing aside as she brusquely pushed past him to enter their house.

"I need to talk to you," Harrington frowned, stuffing his hands in the pockets of his leather jacket.

Billy sneered, shutting the door behind Maxine. "Run along, Harrington," he said blithely, "before I fuck up your face so badly that not even your pretty boyfriend will want to look at you." He crossed his arms over his bare chest, leaning against the closed door.

"Would you shut your stupid mouth for a second?" Steve hissed, his shoulders tensing up. "Jonathan...Jonathan told me what you did."

Fuck.

Sure, he wasn't afraid of Harrington and he'd beaten the shit out of him before but...

This was about Byers. About two nights ago.

Harrington's love for the damn boy went above and beyond and damn if he wasn't slightly paranoid about the taller boy hiding that damned bat somewhere in his car. Nothing would stop Harrington from grabbing that scary ass weapon-

"I just wanted," Steve grit out and Billy surreptitiously reached

behind his back to grab onto the door knob.

-and shredding his damn face entirely-

“To thank you.”

Wait.

“W-what?” Billy blinked hard, not sure if the concussion his dad had almost given him was creeping on him, “What the fuck?”

“You found him,” Steve muttered, “Out at the quarry. I was gone. My parents dragged me to Indianapolis for some bullshit and he didn’t have anyone to...to talk to. He told me that he went to the lake after fighting with Lonnie and that you...you helped him feel better.”

What in the actual fuck?

Billy stared, his heart hammering in his chest. Had Jonathan told Harrington about the kiss? How he had nearly been fucking molested? About how he basically collapsed into the smaller boy’s arms, cried harder than he ever fucking had, and felt the gentle fingers soothing through his curls the same way they soothed through Harrington’s hair-spray held locks?

Did Harrington know about the proposition? About how Billy had begged to be the one to hold Jonathan’s heart in his hands? About how he would readily cut his own heart out and offer it, small and frail but still boldly beating, to the blonde?

“You’re a fucking nutcase,” Steve said quietly, “and I fucking despise you more than anything else but...” he sighed, “You did good by him. Thank you.”

“Right,” Billy said warily, not knowing what else to say and still finding the entire situation ridiculous. He watched Harrington nod and turn away.

*You’ll find that person one day, Billy. It can’t be me. It will **never** be me, but I know that you’ll find them one day. Like I found mine.*

And those gentle fingers...that beautiful voice...the warm embrace.

“Harrington.”

Steve turned, eyebrows narrowed.

Billy glared, his eyes promising danger, “If you ever hurt Byers, Harrington,” his eyes glinted and his voice went low, “If you ever hurt him, I’ll fucking *kill* you.”

He would murder him. Destroy him. Rip apart his body limb by limb, offering his damn head on a platter for Byers to look upon, to approve of...

Billy would do it. And they both knew it.

There was a long stretch of silence.

Harrington was staring at him, face blank. The left side of his lips quirked. Almost like he knew something.

“If I ever hurt Jonathan,” he said softly, “I’ll *let* you.”

And with those words, he turned back, stepping into his BMW. The engine roared to life and the car sped off.

Billy watched it leave and he sagged against the door, his heart bleeding into his body.

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He was at the lake that night. He must have heard the car...must have known who stood behind him. But he didn’t move. Jonathan kept his gaze on the lake, hugging himself. He was wearing that fucking letterman jacket...

“You didn’t tell him.”

“No,” Jonathan replied, voice quiet.

“Why didn’t you tell him?” Billy walked to stand beside the younger boy.

“Do you want me to?” Jonathan said simply, keeping his eyes on the

water.

Did he?

Billy glanced over at the blonde.

Jonathan was smiling, staring out at the water. When he turned to face him, the smile stayed and Billy felt his broken heart beat a bit.

He smirked back, “Thanks, but no. I like my cock in place; Harrington will probably take a page out of Max’s book and threaten to castrate me.”

“Then it stays with us.” Jonathan said, bending down to touch at the water. He dipped a finger into the murky liquid and stirred it, causing ripples to form, and Billy nodded.

“It stays with us.” He agreed.

They stared down at the water together.

The ripples were small, barely there.

But they were there. Even if just for a little while.

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Author's Note:

Yeah.

Have at it.

I'm still so pissed. But yeah.